3468

Aulus Perſius Flaccus
HIS
SATYRES.

Tranſlated into Engliſh,

BY

BARTEN HOLYDAY,
Maſter of Arts, and Student
of CHRIST-CHVRCH in
OXFORD.

And now newly by him reviewed
and amended.

Hinc trahe quæ dicas, menſamque relinque Mycenis;
Cum capite & pedibus ———

The third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Stansby* for *R. Higginbotham* and
are to be ſold at his Shop in the bulwarke
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To the Reader.

IVdicious Reader (for to Thee as to a Iuſt PATRONE, I make my Dedication) with the trueſt ingenuitie I ſubmit theſe my endeuours, the not-vnprofitable recreations onely of ſeuerer ſtudies. To excite thy attention, I may without ambition ſay, it is a New thing, *Perſius* Vnderſtood. When firſt I entertained the attempt, I was oppoſed by ſeeming inſuperable difficulties: The labouring to Apprehend, to Expreſſe the ſenſe of my Author: the reconciling of contrary Expoſitions: the finding out the order of his paſſages, grounded on a naturall, but much concealed dependency of his precedent and ſubſequent matter: the endeuouring to render him

with breuity, perſpicuity and his Owne Strength: Laſtly, the amputation of vnneceſſary Criticiſmes of ſome Interpreters, from whom on iuſt reaſon I ſometimes depart.

And that in this point I may ſtand cleere from the priuate ſurmiſe of ſome tacite Cenſurer: I will ſhew vnto thee, among many, two onely of their curioſities, and thoſe in the Front of the worke.

The firſt is about the word *Prolui*, which ſome would haue to be here vſed, to ſignifie, that the Poet had modeſtly wet his lips in *Hippocrine*, but neuer endrench'd them, or dranke deepe thereof. I grant that the word in the originall Can beare that ſenſe; but that it doth in This place, I confidently deny. And ſtand confirmed by this reaſon: becauſe the Poet Satyrically Derideth thoſe, that attributed the facultie of poetrie to ſo inſufficient and vaine a cauſe, as the drinking of that Well was. (He himſelfe afterwards confeſſing ironically, his Owne skill to bee Conſtrayned: howſoeuer, not proceeding from ſo Fond a cauſe) and therfore in the like ſort preſently after, he ſaith

(if

(if the Critiques had obſerued it) that hee neuer ſlept on *Parnaſſus* : which was alſo held as another cauſe of the poetique facultie. Where, with reaſon, as good as theirs, one might ſay, He neuer ſlept Soundly or Snorted on that hill, but had lightly taken a gentle nap. The parts of the ſimilitude hold an equall proportion: and then I refer their ridiculous curioſitie to the ſecret ſmile of the Iudicious.

The ſecond is about the next word *Caballino* : with which, according to Their expoſition, the epithet which in my tranſlation I giue to *Pegaſus*, may ſeeme ſomewhat to ſtraine curteſie : inaſmuch as it implyeth the ſwiftneſſe (and ſo by conſequent the praiſe) of the horſe, to which it is (iuſtly) applyed: when as They would haue it to bee vſed in the diſgrace of the vaine Poets, which are here derided. Deriuing ſo the ignominy of the word *Caballus*, from the Well to the Perſons: implying Them to be baſe pack-horſe Poets. A pretty, but impoſed meaning, if farther enquired into. For if the Poet vſe this word eſpecially for that reaſon, it might ſeeme (me thinkes) that he

did forget what horſe he himſelfe meant; there being as great difference betweene *Pegaſus* a winged horſe, and *Caballus* a pack-horſe, as well-nigh could be betweene two creatures of one kinde. But if they once come to Coniectures, I may aſſume the like liberty to interpoſe Mine alſo; And then I Could thinke (which, I wonder, the Critiques did not ſee) that the Poet vſed this word before others, for a moſt naturall and ſtrong reaſon drawne from the *Etymologie* of the word *Caballus*; which, as *Iſidore* in his *Originals* hath it, *Lib.* 12. *cap.* 1. is deriued, *à cauando*; *propter quòd gradiens vngulâ impreſſâ terram concauet, quod reliqua animalia non habent*; And then who ſeeth not how excellent the hiſtorie of *Pegaſus* is intimated in this word? This *Etymologie* is much ſtrengthned by the letter *v* changed into *b*. For in the Moderne languages which haue drawne their original from the *Latine*, we ſee the *v* ſtill retayned, as in the Italian and Spaniſh *Cavallo*, and in French *Cheval*; and which may bee obſerued, Theſe words in none of theſe Moderne languages imply any diſgrace, but are generally attributed to

all

all Horſes; Nay from theſe words are drawne Titles of dignitie, as *Cauliero*, in the Italian; *Chaualier* in the French; and *Cavallero* in the Spaniſh.

But (that I may follow them no farther in theſe their wandring ſpeculations) to ſpeake freely: I thinke the Poet neither thought as They thinke, nor as I ſhew I Could thinke, and thinke as well as They. I am perſwaded that more is picked out of theſe Poets, then they themſelues euer meant. For indeed when a Satyriſt, through the heate of his loue to Vertue, is ſet on fire to ſee the deſperate ſecurity of prophaneneſſe; the furie of his paſſion doth ſo tranſport him, that there is no time left for the placing or diſplacing, chooſing or reiecting of ſome particular word; but as moſt commonly their paſſions are vneuen, rough, and furious: ſo is that alſo which they write being in this poeticall perturbation.

The difficulties which I haue here ſet downe, were by my peculiar affection to This Author, at laſt all ouercome. I haue not herein bound my ſelfe with a ſeruilarie ſu-

ſuperſtition to the letter: but with the ancient libertie of a Tranſlator, haue vſed a moderate paraphraſe, where the obſcuritie did more require it: yet ſo, that with all conuenient poſſibilitie, I ſticke vnto his Wordes. To haue added large Annotations, had beene but to tranſcribe a Commentarie or a Dictionarie. Such briefe ones notwithſtanding, as without which, the ſenſe could not bee ſufficiently explicate, yet could not bee well inſerted in the Text; with all compendious perſpicuitie I haue adiected in the Margine: prefixing Arguments to euery Satyre.

From the affected obſcuritie, wherewith this Author hath hitherto laboured, I cannot altogether quit him; yet doubtleſſe, it, in part, proceeded from the want of Libertie, which in his deſperate times, was altogether loſt; though, I confeſſe, Hee durſt ſay Somewhat.

As for My labours; I much abhorre ſo ſickly an impotency, as to ouerweane my ſelfe with a conceit of mine owne worke; though, if my beſt friends tell me truth, It may beare a Iudge, But howſoeuer; If the

the truely Iudicious (who are alwayes attended with Perſpicacity, and a milde cenſure, that true Exciter of promiſing ingenuities) ſhall courteouſly accept it: I am Crown'd: and hauing thus finiſhed this worke of an Others inuention, I may be excited to a ſecond and more liberall attempt of mine owne.

But if any Left-handed *Pythagorians*, (who enforce Writers now adayes as the Ancients did their Comœdians, to vſe in ſtead of Prologues expreſſing their Arguments, Apologies againſt the malicious) ſhall ſiniſterly accept, what is courteouſly offered: I onely wiſh them the other good quality of the *Pythagorians*, *Silence*. For the ouerſights which I may be perchance conuinced of (as the pureſt eye ſeeth not its owne blemiſhes, but by reflection) I will, being ſhewed them, with free ingenuity confeſſe: and doubt not of pardon; hauing two ſo good Solliciters in the eye of any, but moderately courteous; Mine Owne Infancy (in reſpect of any Maturity of iudgment) and the vnacquainted difficulty of my attempt. To haue committed No faults in

my

my Translation, had beene to Translate My Selfe, and put off Man.

What other faults Detracters would Make (by their Owne Reading, or Interpretation) let them know, they are committed not out of Ignorance, but Election, after a iust consultation with more then a * Dozen Expositers. But why doe I in the Indiscretion of Too-much humilitie, prostrate my endeuours to the Tyrannie of the Ignorant: who stand Herein so Many degrees below the facultie of Iudging Censurers? If any in the procacity of baser malice (raysed commonly from a despaire of Imitation) shall proceed farther vnto contumelies: I shall not neede, as some doe (though I approue Their course also) to arme my selfe with a confidence of Religion; I will not put it to the stresse: nor against the stroke of so leaden a Sword, vse the protection of so golden a Shield. A little assum'd Stoicisme shall serue to the turne; and with a Secure Contempt, I'le let them Scoule alowd Vnheard.

Farwell.

Thine BARTEN HOLYDAY.

*Cornutus. Author veterum Glossarum. Murmellius Vinetus. Pithoeus. Marcilius. Foquelinus Tornorupe⁹ Lubinus. Casaubonus Frischlinus Bondus. Fannabius.

A LETTER OF A IVDICIOVS FRIEND requested by the Author to deliuer his Censure on his TRANSLATION.

MAster B.H. *I haue read your smooth translation of rough* PERSIVS, *and send it home to you with my Censure (such as you wish) ingenuously free. I will deale Iustly with you Now; Friendly at Other times. In My iudgement, when you conuersed in this familiar and friendly manner with* PERSIVS *his* Satyres, *your wit stooped farre below the elevation of*

of its owne worth. But as Scaliger *said of* Claudian *and his Workes,* Solo argumento ignobiliore oppressus addit de ingenio, quantum deest materiæ: (Lib. 6. cap. 5. Poetic. (*So I of You and Your Poeme: Whatsoeuer is meane in your Author, is (me thinkes) so choisely adorned by your* Genius: *that if it stand out of the presence of Ignorance or desperate Emulation, it may be Gracefull. Which I doe more heartily affirme, because you haue Chastised your Poet with modest, yet significant termes: where some ranke-breathed Interpreter would haue rendred him with a strong sauour of laciuiousnesse. I know not now, what should stay You from sending it abroad, or Others from giuen it welcome entertaynment. If Old* PERSIVS *were euer worth the hauing: Yours, I doubt not,*

will

a iudicious FRIEND.

will bee thought Well worth the reading; yet looke for Other censures and Neglect them.

Farewell.

Your louing Friend,

IOHN LEY.

Darke

Judicious FRIEND,

Will free thoughts well worth the reading yet look for Order censure them.

Farewell.

Your loving Friend,

JOHN LEY.

DArke Persius, Ambrose *threw thy booke on ground*
With indignation, 'cause 'twas so profound:
But now in Fathers *roome a* Child *is sprung;*
That reades thy Satyres *in a vulgar tongue,*
No Ambrose, *yet with ambrose to be fed,*
That could so wisely tracke, where thou couldst tred,
He takes away thy vayle, and makes that line
Transalpine, which the Romans *would confine;*
Now let thy wandring shadow freely roue,
And seeke great place in the Elisian *groue,*
Where since there's store of Bay, for him one knit,
That makes the looser Britaines *feare thy wit:*
Needes must his owne *inuentions* radiant *be,*
That cast such beames *through thy* opacitie.
Hence-forth (bright HOLYDAY*) to change refuse*
Thine Owne Terpsichore, *with translated Muse.*

IN *Latio* latuit *Saturnum* filius: *Aulum*
Sic poterat soboles ista latere suum,
Ante tuas (HOLYDAIE) faces; hâc luce refulget
Pluribus, & cæco, tectior ante, patri.
Gymnasiarcha puer, festivus ludat vterque;
Per *Festum* vobis otia quanta *Diem*?

Nec fonte. &c. Nec in bis; &c.

Nunquam *Pegaseas* libauit *Persius* vndas,
Aut clausit docto lumina pigra jugo.
Nempe *tibi*, fontem laticesq; & culmina *Phœbus*
Seruârat: pleno dum satur ore mades. (das,
Quidve *Aulus* traheret? cum sic *Helicona* refun-
Vt natet *Angligenis Itala* Musa labris.

Δαῖδα λέγω ἢ δαῖτα μέλος πόρφυρε μενοῖνα
Δαῖδα σκοτισθεῖσιν δαῖτα βλέποντι σαφῶς.

IOHN WALL.

Vpon the happy Translation of the *most difficult* SATYRIST, performed by his deare friend Mr. B.H.

I Sing the Cōquest, which an English *rime,*
With al its force nere won before this time.
Who thoght that there would extāt be the
That such stiffe, sullen, hardy Romans *can (Man*
Subdue, and with an hand learnedly fierce,
Binde in the fetters of a Britane *Verse?*
Yet heere is one that doth: But not as those (chose
That * changed shapes, *and* wandring Trojans
For to translate, with lines a mile in length,
Or Paraphraset hat tyres. Such is his strength

* Ouid. Metamor. Vir. Aeneid.

And

And ſtrictneſſe, he his Author without wrong
Lodges in priſons but of fiue foot long.
Some *I haue knowne, that did Attempt the ſame*
Which that they Durſt, it was their greateſt fame,
But it was He, that could diſdayne to ſtay
At this praiſe Margent, only to Aſſay:
He with impetuous and all-conquering wit,
That only had the power to finiſh it.
For had They don't, I know they muſt haue left
Their grauer ſtudies, and haue filcht with theft
Guilty of too much ſacriledge, more houres,
Then time would loſe; or elſe theſe ſiſter powres
Inuoke to lend them Other liues, *to plucke*
A veſſell with ſuch Remora's *beſtucke*
To wiſhed ſhore. But as for Him with ſtrange
And eaſie haſte, he did his Roman *change*
Without complaint of time: No ſerious pare
Of learning murmur'd, that he did impart
Houres to the worke. For all this was begot,
(I ſpeake my conſcience) *when it was his lot*
To be at Truce with ſtudie. Then iudge you,
That ſhall vpon his happy paines, a view
Beſtow, that ne're the Muſes Holy-dayes
Or times of leiſure, were with greater Prayſe,
Or Thrift, or Buſineſſe ſpent: and likewiſe ſince
He conquer'd hath ſo fierce a Latin *Prince*
Vnto the Rimes and Phraſes of Our tongue:
Decree that Bayes vnto his brow belong.

To his kinde Friend Master B. H. vpon his PERSIVS.

AS if in trauailes farre ingag'd, at last
Return'd, I gratulate thy labours past.
But when vnto thy wayes I turne mine eye,
Danger obscur'd with dangers I espy.
I think't a taske too great for humane sleights,
Vngrauel'd or vndasht to passe those streights.
Admiring thy chaste notes, in which vnharm'd
The Syrens lustfull language thou hast charm'd.
That Art I lone, when as 'gainst faith of sense
By sense of faith I see things flow from thence.
Nor doe I (like to his ore'wheeling braine)
PERSIVS *still a cloud, imbrace in vaine;*
This's the substance giues Vice the fatall blow,
The others thunder few to feare do know.
On enny, summon all the vices spight:
Better they should be conquer'd then not Fight.

R. WELDON.

Vnto his louing Friend Master B. H. vpon PERSIVS translated.

THis worke me thinkes makes my coniecture (bold
T' affirme th' Athenians paradox is true,
When by yeeres reuolution I behold
Men dead reuiue; things long since old, grow new.
For should dead Rome awake, & those loose times
Which feard and felt this scourging Satyrist,
Shee might againe in vs reuiew her crimes;
As fertile is Our age. Nor hath it mist
The worst of all her ills. Vainely we thought
Thy ashes (PERSIVS) Slept within thine vrne;
Feard not thy lash: hop't negligence had wrought
Thy lines worse Funerall: & at length would turne
All to obscurity; For how few did striue
T' enlighten thy darke phrase, vnlesse some vice
Made an acute bad comment: So to thriue
And purchase perspicuity, is a price
Thou would'st haue grieu'd to giue. Yet since in ill
We haue ore'tane past times: I must reioyce
That Constant industry should get such skill
As to tell vs our bad in PERSIVS voyce:
Whom now All vnderstand: all may endure
To reade, but such as would their crimes obscure.

To the Author his most loued Friend.

WHat None haue Dar'd, Thou haſt; and might'ſt againe
With prayſe, were it vndar'd. Did'ſt thou abſtaine
Yet longer, none would dare Thee to Preuent;
If any, what could breede thy more Content
Then, when by victory, thy glory ſhould
Be doubled? yea, although recall ſome could,
From field of reſt, thy PERSIVS to conſult:
Yet would no leſſe prayſe from thy lines reſult,
Then that vnparalel'd, which now is due
From thoſe that read thee. Who when they ſhal view
How truly with thine Author thou doſt pace,
How hand in hand yee goe, what equall grace
Thou doſt with him obſerue in euery terme:
They cannot, but, if iuſt, iuſtly affirme;
That did your Times as doe your Lines agree,
He might be thought to haue tranſlated Thee,
But that he's Darker, not ſo Strong; Wherein
Thy Greater Art more clearely may be ſeene;
Which doſt thy PERSIVS clowdy ſtormes diſplay
With lightning and with thunder; Both which lay
Couched perchance in him, but wanted force
To breake, or light from darkeneſſe to diuorce;

Till

Till Thine Exhaled skill compress'd itse,
That forc'd the clowds to breake, the light to shine,
The thunder to be heard. That now each child
Can prattle what was meant: whil'st Thou art held
Of all, with titles of true dignity,
For Lofty Phrase, and perspicuity.

I. KNIGHT.

To the Author his very good Friend.

RE-liuing Persius, *dayes-birth, Heir of fame;*
I wrong not Persius, *giuing Thee His name;*
If any, I wrong Thee, for what He did
Had'st thou him not Illustred, had beene hid.
This *being but thy* Pedestall *of prayse,*
Oh what a Pyramis *will thy* Next *worke rayse?*
True Laureat, with blest Omens goe thou on;
All-imitable, imitating none.
I speake not this (nor need'st thou it) of Fauour:
But as one conscious of thy Great works labour.
My tongue was neuer oyl'd i' th' base claw-art.
In Others reade thou Wit, in Me my Heart.

To his learned Friend Mr. B. H. vpon iudicious translation of PERSIVS.

WHat lay impriſon'd, and confin'd alone
Only to deeper apprehenſion;
Thy more benigne, ſublim'd, tranſcendent wit
Hath reacht, and conquer'd, and imparted it.
And giu'n't to all, which makes it more thine owne,
Since all are Heires of that inuention.
Nor doth one iot, ſo ſweet congruity,
Adulterate the Latin chaſtity,
All things conſerua'd, ſo terſe, ſo nothing loſt,
As if thou didſt conſult with th' Authors Ghoſt;
Such height, ſuch ſacred indignation
As ſeemes a PERSIVS, no Tranſlation.
On, learned Quill; thus vindicate thy name
From times prowd Iniury, Traytor to fame:
Nor ſuffer yet, that Italy ſo long
Should make her Vice ſpeak Engliſh, not her tong:

Whip

Whip backe her Baſtards, ſend them home to Rome,
Let her that was their Parent, be their tombe.
Meane while I dare Congratulate our Crimes
Made happy that they could produce theſe Rimes.

T. G.

Aulus Perſius Flaccus
HIS
SATYRES

The Prologue.

ARGVMENT.

Need and not Inſpired skill
Makes our Author trie his quill.

MI lippes did neuer touch the ſpring
Of the wing'd horſe: nor can I bring
To minde, that ere I dream'd vpon
Two-topt Pernaſſus, *that thereon*
I might b' Inſpir'd and ſo Vp-ſtart
A Poet by Infuſed art.

And

And all the Muſes *that doe dwell*
Beſt pale Pirene, *and the Well*
Of Helicon, *to Thoſe I leaue,*
Vnto whoſe ſtatue's browes doth cleaue
The Iuy-greene incircling Crowne.
In humbleneſſe I halfe a Clowne
Doe onely bring this my rude line,
Vnto Apollo's *ſacred ſhine.*
Yet blame me not for my bold deed:
*Alas! I write enforc'd by * need.*
Who taught the Parrot his kind Haile?
Who taught the Pie to ſo prouaile
To frame Our words? 'Twas but to fill
Their belly, maſter of their skill;
Which skilfull is to make them reach
Voices, which Nature cannot teach.
Nay; if there chance to ſhine but ſome
Hope, of deceitfull Gaine to come:
Crow-poets and poetique Pies
You'd thinke did chaunt ſweet ayries;
And make (when as they harſhly Crie)
A Pegaſeian *Melodie.*

* A ſatyricall Ironie. *Perſius* was a Knight of *Rome* of ſufficient wealth.

THE FIRST SATYRE.

IN FORME OF A DIALOGVE.

The Speakers { PERSIVS. / MONITOR.

ARGVMENT.

Inspired poets Art and Pride,
Our Satyrist doth here deride.

P. O Cares of men! O emptie Vanitie
Of things! *M.* who'l read these Wondring Satyres?
P. Why?

P. a Why? Doſt Thou ſay ſo my Friend?
M. Faith I think none. (None?
P. How ſayſt thou? None? *M.* Perchance ſome two, or. *P.*
M. Tis hard. *P.* Yet why? Leſt *Rome's* b *Polydamas*
And doutie *Troians* ſhould prefetre the aſſe
c *Labeo* before Me? Tuſh; their falſedoome
Is but a trifle. If diſturbed *Rome*
Proudly ſleight any thing, ſcorne to deſcend
To Their Vaine cenſure: neither ſtriue to mend
The tongue of thy falſe ballance in Their ſcale
Which is as wrong: but if thou'dſt neuer faile
Know This: *To trie thy ſecret innocence,*
The ſureſt witneſſe is thy conſcience.
For Who is Not at *Rome*? O that I might
But freely ſpeake, yet ſpeake no more then Right;
And So I May. Then, when I caſt mine eie
On thoſe whoſe Faces promiſe Grauitie:
On our ſad *Stoickes* ſon the things we doe
Since we left off to play with nuts; and view
Our actions, when we labour much to be
Sterne Vnckles. Then! then! But, oh, pardon me,
I will not touch. Yet can I hold my peace

a *Out of the too abundant varietie of the interpunctions of theſe three verſes following, I could find none more accurate, then this I haue extracted, and here vſed.* b *Ironically here the Poet cals* Nero Polydamas *who is much famouſed by* Homer *in diuers places for his vertue, yea and compared with* Hector. Iliad. *μ.* c *A ridiculous Poet, that tranſlated fiue Bookes of* Homers Iliads *into verſe, word for word, with extreame obſcuritie, and no leſſe abſurditie.*

Vrg'd

Vrg'd Thus? and from reuenge so Iust, Thus cease?
I'me of a Scoffing spleene. I Loue to Flout
At Hypocrites: therefore it now Must out.
Then Thus.
Being immur'd from each mas sight
In some obscure retired place, we write
Some, eu'n-pac'd numbers; *Some* freefooted prose,
Some weighty thing, which th' Author strongly blowes
From his large-winded lungs. For he rehearses
Vnto the people straight his wel-pen'd verses;
His haire being first kemb'd smooth, and then he dight,
In a faire comely garment fresh and white.
Wearing some precious jewell, which some friend
On's birth-day to him for a gift did send,
With moyst'ning syrrope hauing clear'd his throat
Apt Now to sound it in a various note.
Then is he reading in a seat on high,
Dissolu'd vnto a lustfull *Acting* eye.
Where thou maist see eu'n those that beare the name
Of *Rome's* braue *Titi* (but vnto their shame)
To shake with trembling lust, and to reioyce
Obscenely, with a broken skreaking voyce
When a lewd line their inward loynes doth pierce,
And touch them with a lust-prouoking verse.
But thou Old Dotard, dost Thou striue to feed
Other men's eares? nay, Theirs who without heed
Or moderate discretion praise thee so,
That (skinne-peel'd Asse!) thy selfe dost first cry, Hoe?

d Why did I learne vnleſſe this leauen here
Inbred, this ſtrong wild-figtree *ſhould appeare*?
And from its ſeate the liuer breaking forth
Shew to the world its owne, though vnknowne worth?
P. O ſee ambitious paleneſſe! ſee Old Age!
At ſuch corrupted times Who could not rage?
Think'ſt thou, thou nothing know'ſt, if it be ſo,
That others know not, that thou this doſt know?
c O but tis braue to heare men cry, *See, ſee?*
And pointing with their fingers, ſay, *That's he.*
Say you had a poeme which ſo ſmoothly runs,
That 'twere for lectures read to great mens ſons,
Braue lads with curled lockes, like gold ſo yellow:
Would not you thinke your ſelfe a prettie fellow?
P. O that's not all! See, our *Romulidans*
Prophane our ſacred poems with foule hands!
Reading, amidſt their bowels, poems diuine,
Being full vp to the throat with fleſh and wine.
Where if forſooth one clad in purple cloth's,
Snaffle ſome muſtie ſtuffe through's muffling noſe
Melting forth faire *Hypſipyle's* ſad ſong
Or *Phillis* fortune with a moiſt'ned tong
Or ſomeſuch tales which poetrie affordes
His daintie palate tripping forth his wordes,
The Men aſſent! And are not th' aſhes then
Of this Rare poet bleſt? This man of men

d *Here the Poet ſaineth a reply of this old ambitious Poet defending himſelfe.* c *A ſecond reply.*

Hath

Hath he not now a lighter mole of earth
Gently preſſing his bones? A gen'rall mirth
Enſues: the gueſts with hands and voyces ring
His due applauſe; And ſhall there not now ſpring
Eu'n from his *Manes*, from the hollow wombe
Of his thriſe-happy vrne-incloſing tombe
Sweet Violets? But, Oh, faies one, you touch
Too coſtingly, wrinkling your noſe Too much;
For doth there breathe a man that can reiect
A generall praiſe? and his owne lines neglect?
Lines worth immortall Cedars recompence,
Nere fearing new-ſold Fiſh or Frankincenſe?
Well, whoſoe're thou art whom I did make
But now, the Aduerſe part to vndertake;
When I my ſelfe doe write, if from my braine
Doe flow by greateſt chance ſome happie ſtraine
(For tis by chance) My heart is not ſo hard
So hornie, as to feare the due reward
Of deſeru'd fame. Only I doe denie
The ſcope of vertuous actions to lie
In thy *O braue! O fine!* for ſearch but this
Thy *O fine!* and within it What not is?
Now, in Theſe papers know thou ſhalt not finde
Labe'os helleborated lines confinde

f *The Ancient Ethniques did vſe to pray that the tombe-ſtones of their dead friends might be light vnto them; becauſe they beleeued that their Manes or ſoules remained in their ſepulchres, and were ſenſible of ſuch accidents. They held likewiſe the ſpringing of flowers from the graue of a deceaſed friend, an argument of his happineſſe.*

Too ſuperſtitiouſly to Words: nor weake
Loue-elegies, ſuch as *Rome's* Nobles ſpeake:
Whoſe iudgement, like their ouercharged maw,
Wants ſtrong concoctions heat, and is Yet raw.
Briefly whatſe're ong Citrean beds is writ,
We hence exclude as th'excrement of wit.
Thou doſt ſome diſh of good hot meate prouide
For ſome poore wretch (whoſe belli's his tongs guide)
Or to thy quaking foll'wer thou doſt caſt
Thy thread-bare cloake (which could no longer laſt)
Then thus thou ſpeak'ſt. You know'eu'n from my youth
I hated lies, now therefore tell me truth.
Of me (*P.* Can He tell truth? Wilt let Me ſpeake?
Thou trifleſt (bald-pate aſſe!) and thy skill's weake.
Seeing a fat-hogge-trough-panch before thee ſtruts
Full Eighteene inches with a load of guts.
O bleſſed *Ianus*! happy is Thy lucke!
Behind h thy backe, whom neuer Storkes bill ſtrucke
At whom no nimble finger'd hand being fram'd
Like aſſes white eares, euer Yet was aim'd.

g *The* Romans *had their* lecti lucubratorii *on which they ſtudyed, and* trichniares, *on which they eate: the latter are rather vnderſtood in this place, for he principally ſpeaketh againſt the verſes they write amongſt their cups.*

h *Three manner of ſkoutes were vſed by the Ancients. The firſt was with their hand to make a Storkes bill, their fingers being all collected together, and then let out with a flurt. The ſecond was to put their thumbes to the temples of their heads, and then wagge their fingers like aſſes eares, which within are ſomewhat white. The third was to lill out their tongues, like dogges in the heate of Summer, eſpecially in hot countries, ſuch as is* Apulia *a region in* Italy.

Not

Nor ſo much tongue thruſt forth in abaſe flout
As an *Apulian* bitch for thirſt lils out.
You O *Patrician* blood whoſe heads are blind
I'th'hinder part, preuent a ſcorne behind,
What doe men ſay? That now your verſes flow,
In a ſoft number'd pace both ſweet and ſlow,
Whoſe well-ſmooth'd parts are ſo exactly ioyn'd
That the ſeuereſt naile can neuer finde
The leaſt vneu'neſſe. O ſaies one, he makes
A verſe, as he that his true leuell takes,
Shutting one eye, for to direct his line,
Which drawing, with red oaker he doth ſigne.
Whether he ſcourge with his deepe-wounding rimes
The delicate ſoft manners of the times,
Or th'impious banquets of reuenging Kings;
Our Poets *Muſe* can well expreſſe great things.
P. I, You ſhall ſee a fellow dare aſſay
To write Heroicke acts, who th'other day
But trifel'd out ſome Fables of ſmall worth
In ſcarce true *Greeke*: whoſe skill cannot paint forth
A pleaſant ſelfe-deſcribing Groue's delights;
Nor praiſe the full-ſtor'd Country that eu'n writes
The ſtory of its Owne abundant ſtore;
Where fruits and fire-wood and the fat'ned Boare
Are neuer wanting; where the ſhepheards feaſt
Sacred to *Pales* is, t'expell the beaſt
That hates the lambe: where ſhepheards on that day
Are purged in a fire of ſmoaking hay.

Whence *Remus* sprung: where (k *Quintius*) thou wast born,
And where thy plow-share was in furrowes worne;
When as thy wife trembling with ioy and feare,
Made thee the great *Dictators* roabes to weare
Before thine Oxen, and to leaue them Now,
Making the *Lictor* carry home thy plow.
Behold then this braue Poet!
Some there are
To whom l *Briseum Labeo's* booke seemes rare:
Whose lines swell like full Veines. Others desire
Pacuvius, whom much they doe admire,
And loue often to reade, and eu'n to stay
Vpon his knottie harsh *Antiopa*;
Whose wofull heart was nourished with greefe,
The Depth of sorrow yeelding some releefe.
When thou shalt see the blear-eied father teach
His sonne those things; canst thou not quickly reach
To know the cause how this our vile disgrace,
This hissing frying-pan of Speech tooke place
First, in our tongues? And yet wherein our smooth
m *Trossulians* vainely themselues doe sooth,
And eu'n leape in their seates, when as they heare
Old words, which please their thick false-iudging eare.
When th'art accus'd, art not asham'd to be
Not able thy now-Aged head to free

k *Q. Cincinnatus.* l *Fucius Accius Labeo. Briseus*, is the surname of *Bacchus*, fitly here attributed to *Labeo*, because of his mad Verses.
m *The Knights of* Rome *were anciently so called, because they surprised a towne in* Hetruria *called* Trossulum, *without the helpe of the footemen.*

From

From feare o'th'law, but loue the luke-warme cry
Of all thy hearers crying, *Decently?*
Pedius saies one, vnto thy charge I lay
The guilt of theft. What now doth *Pedius* say?
In smooth *Antitheta's* his fault hee weighes,
And for his learned Figures, winnes much praise.
O neate! O neate? In iudging thou dost faile,
Base fawning *Romane*, dost thou wagge thy taile?
For think'st thou, if some ship-wrack'd wretch should Sing,
Hee e're from me one Halfe-peny should wring? (Sing,
Dost Sing, when at thy shoulder thou dost weare
Thy selfe and shippe, which the sharpe rocks did teare?
His teares shall be expres'd through's Miserie,
Not Studi'd for by Night, that would mooue Mee
To pitie. M. Yet in Numbers, O, there shines
Beauteous composure added to those lines
Which were before but raw. P. I, so it seemes;
For one, this as the onely skill esteemes
To end his verse (But, O ridiculous!)
With *Berecinthian Atys*; or els, thus;
The Dolphin which did cut Cerulean Nereus.
Ex'lent! and this our *Romans* count most serious!
So thus another drawes his numbered line,
We drew a ribbe from the long Apennine.
M. n *Armes, and the man I sing*, perchance you'l dare
To terme This frothy, fat-back'd. P. O no; spare

n *Virgils Æneids*, which beginne so, *Arma virumq; cano.*

Your Too-quick cenſure, and diſſolue your brow.
This Poem as an aged well-growne bough
Seaſon'd with time, is with the warme Suns heat
Well boyld in its owne barke; growne ſtrong and great.
M. What then doe you terme ſoft, and to be read
With a looſe-bending necke, and bow'd-downe head?
P. *Their writh'd hornes the Mimallones did fill*
With ſounds, and Baſſaris about to kill
The ſcornefull calfe, ſnatching from him his head,
And Mœnas as the ſpotted Lynx ſhee lead
With Iuy-bridles, oft did Euion ſound:
The reparable Eccho did rebound.
Theſe, theſe are braue! But Oh, ſhould Such lines be,
If any veine of old Nobilitie
Did liue in vs? Theſe Weake lines in the Brimme
Of eu'ry mouth, in th'vtmoſt ſpittle ſwimme.
Mœnas and *Atys* or ſome fooliſh Songs
Are alwayes in the moiſture of their tongues.
They neuer Buffeted a Deske for Theſe,
Or Bit their Nailes: ſuch lines are writ with eaſe.
M. Grant this be true: yet Sir You haue no need
With biting truth to make their ſoft eares bleed.
Well, looke you to't; I feare; be not too bold,
Leſt great mens threſholds towards you grow cold.
Me thinkes, th'are touched already, and I heare
The doggiſh letter R ſound in mine eare.
P. Nay, Sir, rather then ſo, all's white and free:
All, all is admirable well for Mee.

I will not hinder't. Now y'are pleas' d I thinke;
You'l say, Let no man make My verses stinke,
Making a place for o vrine, in a scorne,
Among My papers. *P.* See then you adorne
Your booke, and paint two p Serpents on't; Boyes, None
Must vrine in This Sacred place; be gone:
And Ile goe first.

Yet did *Lucius* cut
Lewd *Rome*, and thee, O *Lupius*, that didst glut
Thy appetite, and thee (*Mutius*) growne weake
With lust, and did on you his Iaw-tooth breake,
So subtile *Horace* laughing with his friend
Would cunningly his vices reprehend,
And lying in his bosome, in his heart,
Would bitterly deride him with great art:
Skilfull he was basely t'esteeme the rout,
Yet neere wrinkled his nose, or Seem'd to flout:
And may not I then *Mutter*? not to th' q Dust?
Not though Alone? No where? I will; I must
Digge here, eu'n here. (My booke) I speake to Thee;
I'ue seene, I say, I'ue seene; (my tong's borne free)
Who has not Asses eares? Thou shalt not buy
This my obscure concealed mysterie,

o *This place is thus against the common interpretation more masterly and truely expounded by* M. Bond. p *These represented the* Genius *of the place, and were painted there to deterre any from violating the place by any pollution.* q *An allusion to the fable of* Midas.

This my deare ſcoffe, my *Nothing*, for whole miliads
Of any baſe Poets long-winded *Iliads*:
Thou whoſo'ere thou art, that art inſpir'd
With bold *Cratinus*; or with zeale art fir'd
Like angry *Eupolis*; and art growne pale
With that old man, whoſe ſtile with a full ſaile
Beares ſtrong againſt foule vice: vouchſafe a glance
On theſe My Satyres alſo; where by chance
If any thing more perfect thou ſhalt heare,
Among my lines; grow hot with a purg'd eare.
But him with deepeſt ſcorne I doe deteſt
That baſely loues to breake a bitter jeſt
At a Phyloſophers poore Shooe: and winkes
At him, whoſe ſight is bad, calling him Blinkes:
Counting himſelfe no meane man, bearing ſome
Italian honour at *Aretium*;
Cauſe, being Market-Clarke (ſuch was his pleaſure)
He brake their earthen veſſels leſſe then meaſure.
Nor loue I him that counts the counting-table
Of deepe *Arithmeticians* but a fable.
Nor him that ſcoffes at Figures made in duſt
By ſound *Geometry*. Such are vniuſt,
And Enemies to th' Arts. They much delight
To ſee the bold-fac'd queane *Nonaria* fight
With a good honeſt *Cynicke*; and will grinne
If that ſhee pull his beard off from his chinne.

1 *Ariſtophanes.* [*An alluſion to the ſtorie of* Archimedes; *ſee* Plutarch's Marcellus.

Theſe

Theſe, in the morning next their hearts Ile ſend
To ſtudy the Edicts leſt they offend:
Yet after dinner (for they'le turne no more
From vice) vnto *Callirhoe* their Whore.

THE

THE SECOND SATYRE,

VNTO HIS FRIEND PLOTIVS MACRINVS.

ARGVMENT.

Profane desires: true sacrifice:
Bold sinnes: our Poet here descries.

SIgne This day (*Macrine*) with a purer stone,
Which doth present to thee times long since gone.
Powre wine vnto thy *Genius*; for Thy care
Is not to winne *Ione* with a Bribing prayer.
Nor crau'st Thou, what thou sham'st to name for feare.
Excepts *Ione's* drawne aside that none may heare.
Though no small part of *Rome's* chiefe *Nobles* can
Sacrifice with a Low-voyc'd incense-pan.

Tis

Tis not an easie thing to take away
The murmur'd whispering of those that pray
From the Gods Temples. Tis no easie thing
To liue with Knowne desires. [a] They vse to sing
Alowd, that strangers and the standers-by
May heare 'hem, when they pray for honesty
Or a good mind, good fame. But for the rest
Of their desires, inwardly th'are suppresst
Vnder their murmuring tongues; such as are these
Profane requests; O that some strong disease
Would make my Vncl's braue rich funerall
To bubble vp. O that my rake would fall,
As I were working, on some sounding pot
Of siluer; [b] *Hercules* blessing my lot.
Or would I might expunge this yong rich Ward,
By whom from great possessions I am bar'd
Being the next heire; for hee's with scabs perplext,
And is with swelling choller sharply vext.
There's *Nereus* too, has buri'd yee three wiues,
And I scarce--! O Such men lead Happie liues!
That these things thou religiously maist craue
Of *Ioue*, in swelling *Tybers* siluer waue
Early thou washest twice or thrice thy head,
Purging the [c] night pollutions of thy bed.

a *This was but the manner of some hypocrites; for it was the Custome of the* Romanes *to pray sestly to themselues, as* Ios. Scaliger *well obserues in his Castigations on the 2. lib. of* Tibullus *p.* 137. *and* Wowerius *in his Animaduersions on* Petronius *p.* 428. b *Antiquitie made* Hercules *the propitious God for the finding out of hidden Treasure.* c *Of this, see* Casaubon *on* Theophrastus; *p.* 292. *where hee shewes their twofold manner of expiation. And* Brissonius *at large lib.* 1. *de* Formulis, *p.* 8.

Dost

Doſt heare? anſwere me this: and but diſcloſe
Thy thought in one ſmall queſtion I'le propoſe.
What thinkſt of *Ione*? thinkſt he may be preferd
'Fore Some? Whom? be't eu'n a *Staius*; art afeard?
And doubtſt thou Whether is the fitteſt Guard
And iuſter iudge for a yong guidleſſe Ward?
This then, wherewith thou dar'ſt to preſſe *Ione's* eare,
Tell but to *Staius*: would he not eu'n feare
To heare thee Speake? and caſting vp his eye
Crie, O good *Ione*! and ſhall not *Ione* then crie
Vnto himſelfe for vengeance? What? doſt thinke
Thou art Forgiu'n, becauſe he's pleaſd to Winke
At thy blacke deeds, and ſooner ſtrikes a Tree,
With horrid Sulphure, then Thy houſe and Thee,
When with his roaring thunders he doth chide
The prowd high-mounting aire? Dar'ſt thou deride
The pow'r of Heav'n, and Play with *Ioues* Fond beard,
As if th'hadſt Leaue, becauſe thou ne're waſt feard
With ſome ſtrange iudgement? or ne're yet did'ſt lie
A wofull ſpectacle to each mans eye,
Vnholy, to be ſhunn'd in ſome ſad groue,
Then ceaſing to be ſacred vnto *Ione*,
Or th'other Gods, vntill with ſacrifice
Th'Aruſpex great *Ergenna* purifies
The ſame, by offring th'entrals of two ſheepe?
Or elſe, what iſt? with what reward doſt keepe
The bribed eares of the corrupted Gods
That they ſhould only giue indulgent nods

a *A wicked fellow, that poyſned his brother and brothers wife.*

At

At thy vast crimes? ist thy fat offering
Which to their sacred altars thou dost bring?
Now you shall see some grandames, or fond Aunts,
Whom womens Fury Superstition haunts,
Take vp a tender infant in their armes,
And being skilfull to depell the harmes
Of an [e] effascinating eye, they'le spet
Vpon their middle finger, and then wet
With this their purging spettle, the childs brow,
And prettie lippes. Then with a humble vow
Daunceing him in their armes, they'le vainely spend
Their poore leane hope, in praying *Ioue* to send
This babe in time to come such happinesse
As once wealthy *Licinius* did possesse
In fruitfull lands: or such as *Crassus* held,
Who for braue houses, *Rome* chiefe Lords excell'd.
They wish that Kings and Queenes may be at strife
To make ev'n their best daughter His blest wife.
And as for Maides (say they) Yee Gods aboue!
O let 'hem strongly, strangely fall in loue
With his rare beautie: and that whereso'ere
Hee treads, a crimson rose may spring vp there.
Braue! braue! But yet I will not bid my nurse
Pray so: or if shee doe; then Good *Ioue* Curse
Her Prayers; Though cloth'd-White she strongly Crie,
Yet for thine *Owne* sake, Strongly still Deny.
Thou wisheſt for firme nerues, and for a sure
Sound body, that would healthfully endure

[e] *Of Fascination, see* Del. Rio. *Mag. disquis. li.* 3. *q.* 4. *Sect.* 1. *and* Ramirez, *in his learned Pentecontarchus, chap.* 31. *at large.*

Vntill

Vntill Old age; why be it, that thy wish
Is Granted by the Gods; yet thy Large dish
And full fat sasage make the Gods Delay
To blesse thee, and doe Force good *Ione* to stay.
Thou'd'st faine grow rich; yet dost thou sacrifice
An Oxe, (is that the way in wealth to rise?)
Then vpon *Mercurie* the God of gaine
With this thy offering, thus thou cri'st amaine,
Let my domesticke Gods (great Mercury)
Make all things happie in my familie!
Blesse thou my heards of beasts, blesse thou my lambs,
And make my tender ewes the happie damm's
Of many yong-ones. Mad-man! wilt thou see?
This is impossible! It cannot bee!
When as so many heyfers fats doe frie
In flames of sacrifice. Yet doth he crie,
And with his Entrals and his daintie Cake
Striues to o'reconie, and formerly will Make
The Gods to heare; nor yet will hold his peace.
Now doth my field, now doth my fold encrease:
Now 'twill be giv'n: now, now, vntill at last
Deceau'd, his great hope prouing but a blast;
His Money in his chest may make its mone
For want of company; yet sigh alone.
If for a gift to Thee some friend presents
A siluer goblet, or rich ornaments
Curiously grauen in a massie bowle
Of purest gold: straightway thy very soule
Is touch'd with a strong passion: and thou shak'st
Eu'n Drops from thy *left* brest (Vaine heart that quak'st

Thus

Thus with a trembling joy!) Now becauſe gold
Thus pleaſeth Thee; hence tis that Thou doſt hold,
The Gods are pleas'd ſo too, and ouerlai'ſt
Their ſtatues faces (that thereby thou maiſt
Procure their fauour) with gold purchaſed
From th'enemie, which was in triumph led.
For thoſe f braſſe-brother-gods that ſend a dreame
Moſt true, and purg'd from thicke, corrupted fleame,
Whereby in ſleepe men are diſturb'd, or feard,
Let thoſe be chiefe, and weare a golden beard.
Gold hath the pots of earth, and braſſe diſdaign'd,
Though vs'd when *Numa*, and good *Saturne* raign'd,
Gold likewiſe hath expeld the *Veſtall* Vrne:
Gold doth the *Thuſcan* Earth to Gold now turne.
Baſe ſtooping ſoules, that groovle on the Earth,
In whom there's Nothing teſtifies their birth
To be from Heau'n!
Yet, doth not this ſuffice?
But we muſt bring theſe our iniquities,
To the Gods Temples, where their pow'rs diuine
Doe dwell, and eu'n profane their holy Shrine?
As if there could be any thing in theſe
Infected Carcaſes, the Gods to pleaſe?
This Fleſh of ours makes vs in vaine to ſpoile
Sweete *Caſia*, by mixing it with oile
To make vs ointments. This doth make vs ſtraine
The ſoft *Calabrian* fleece in Purple gaine,

f *The brazen Statues of the ſonnes of Ægyptus, all, except one, ſlaine by their new wiues the daughters of* Danaus. *Which brothers the* Romanes *adored as Gods, & were vainely perſwaded that they ſent dreames vnto men.*

This

This makes vs with much art to poliſh well
Mother of Pearle, drawne from the fiſhes ſhell.
This from th'vnpurged earth made vs deſire
To ſtraine out veines of gold by purging fire.
This ſinne; and ſinnes; yet perſeuers in ſinne.
But you great Prieſts, tell; what doth gold within
The holy Temple? ſure, no greater thing
Then g puppets, which to *Venus* Virgins bring.
No; let vs ſtriue to bring to th'Gods, that which
Meſſala's bleare eyed of-ſpring, from his rich
Large incenſe-baſon neere could giue; A mind
By Law and by Religion well confin'd;
A retir'd ſoule; a heart not ſtained by
Foule luſt, concoct in Noble honeſtie.
This let me bring to th'Gods, and Ile obtaine
Offring but a Small Cake of ſome Coorſe graine.

g. *It was a cuſtome among the Ancients, for Virgins about to marrie to offer their Babies as an enſigne of their Virginities to* Venus, *hoping that by her beneſit, ſhortly after, they ſhould haue true Babes of their owne.*

THE THIRD SATYRE.

ARGVMENT.

Yong Gallants Sloth, and their Neglect
Of Arts, this Satyre doth detect.

WHat Eu'ry day thus long? fie, fie arise:
See how the cleare light shamefully descries
Thy sloth: and through thy windows shining bright
Stretcheth the narrow chinks with his broad light.
We snort till the [a] Fift shadow touch the line,
Enough eu'n to digest strong *Falerne* wine.

a *An hypall. for, till the shadow touch the fift line; which is about our Eleuen of the clocke. He vnderstands this of the Sun-Dials. You may see the forme of an ancient* Romane *Sun-Diall, in* Ramirez *his Penitent. cap.* 23.

Now what doſt doe? The furious dog-ſtars heat
Vpon the parched corne hath long ſince beat
With its fierce ſcalding influence, and made
The beaſts to ſeeke the ſpreading *Elmes* coole ſhade.
Thus the companion of ſome ſlothfull youth
Does freely chide him. Then ſaith he, in truth
And iſt ſo late? indeed? ſome body then
Come preſently and reach my clothes: why when?
If then no body come: Oh how he ſwels,
And breaks with [b] glaſſe-like choller; and then yells
With ſuch a foule loud noiſe, that you would ſay
Surely ſome great *Arcadian* aſſe did bray.
At laſt, with much adoe he doth beginne
To take his booke in hand and ſome faire skinne
Of ſmooth [c] two-colourd parchment he takes then
Some paper and his knottie reed-like pen.
Then he complaines how that his inke doth ſticke
In clots at his peps noſe, it is ſo thicke.
Powre water then to his blacke [d] *Sepian* juice,
He cries, now tis too white. Ha's a deuice
For eu'ry thing. So Sometimes he doth plead
His pen writes double, or his inke doth ſpread.
Wretched, vnhappie man! yet growing ſtill
More wretched! Think'ſt wee're borne to take our fill
Of ſloth? Why doſt not then like the ſoft Doue
Or great mens little children, rather loue

[b] *Becauſe it is as ſoone raiſed as glaſſe is, by thoſe that make it.* [c] *Yellow on the ſide the haire grew, and white on the other ſide.* [d] *Sepia is a ſea-fiſh called a* Cuttell, *whoſe bloud the* Romanes *vſed in ſtead of inke.*

In delicateſt wantonneſſe to lappe
Some ſoft ſweet ſpoone-meate, as a little pappe?
Or angry with the teat, why doſt not crie,
Refuſing to be ſtilld with Lullabie?
e Why, can I ſtudie, ſir, with ſuch a quill?
Alas! whom doſt thou mocke? why pleadſt thou ſtill
Such vaine ambages? wretched man to flout
Thy ſelfe! Th'art broken! loe, thou leakeſt out!
And know thou ſhalt be Scornd! ſtrike but a pot
Of ſome raw earth halfe-boild, and will it not
Tell its owne fault, yeelding a dull crazd ſound?
Well; *Yet* th'art ſoft moiſt clay, and mayſt be wound
To any forme: Now therefore, now make haſte
To vertue: Preſent time muſt be embrac'd.
Now like the potters clay, now thou muſt feele
Sharpe diſciplines effigiating wheele.
f But, oh, thy father left thee land enough,
And a cleane Salt-ſeller, with houſhold ſtuffe
Sufficient, needſt Thou then feare any thing?
So th'haſt a ſecure pan wherein to bring
Incenſe to thy protecting *Lares*. Well;
But think'ſt thou this enough? wilt therefore ſwell,
And breake thy lungs with an ambitious wind,
Becauſe that thou the thouſandth off, doſt find
Thy branch to be perchance drawne from a tree
Of ſome high *Thuſcan* true nobilitie?

e *This verſe is an interiected reply of the ſlothfull youth: the next is ſpoken in the perſon of his companion which reprehendeth him.* f *His companions ſpeech all defence of the others careleſſneſſe.*

Or that becauſe clad in thy purple graine
Meeting *Romes Cenſour* with his pompous traine
Thou canſt ſalute him, by the name of *Cuzze*,
And arrogantly aske him how he does?
Away: goe pranſe before the multitude
In theſe thy trappings: ſeeke not to delude
My iudgement: for I know thy ſoule within,
And ſee thy faults writ in thy outmoſt skinne.
Art not aſhamd to liue like diſſolute
Looſe *Natta*? but (alas!) he's deſtitute
Of Sence! He ſtands amazd in vice! the deepe
Fat brawne of ſinne makes his heart ſoundly ſleepe
That now he doth not ſinne! No, he's ſo groſſe,
So ſtupid, that hee's ſenſleſſe of his loſſe!
And ſunke downe to the depth of vice, he'le ſwim
No more againe vp to the waters brim!
Great father of the Gods! when cruell luſt
Touch't with inflaming venome, moues th'vniuſt
Corrupted diſpoſition of fierce Kings,
To act vnworthy and vnkingly things:
Puniſh them only thus; *Let them but ſee*
Faire vertue, and their loſt felicitie.
Then ſhall their bowels yearne, and they ſhall crie
In ſecret, and wax pale, and pine and die.
Did euer the *Sicilian* brazen bull
Roare out his torments with a throate more full?
Or did the ſword hung by a ſlender thread
Vp in the golden roofe ouer the head
Of the crownd flatterer, more terrifie
His ſoule, then when a man ſhall truely cry

Damocles

Vnto

Vnto himselfe, *I fall, Oh, I doe fall*
Downe head-long; and shall Know he's past recall?
And Inwardly grow pale (O wretched life!)
Which he's afeard to tell his neere deare wife?
Indeede, when I was Young, I like a foole
Would'noint my eyes with oyle to stay from schoole:
When I'de not learne, through sloth, the stately part
Of dying *Cato*, though 'twere penn'd with art.
And my loo carefull Master prais'd it much:
And my glad father being moou'd with such
His praises, brought his friends to heare his boy
Brauely act *Cato*, and would sweat for ioy.
For then I car'd not to know any thing:
Except how much the luckie Sice would bring;
Or what the losing Ace would scrape away
Or that my fellow might not put false play
Vpon me, neatly cogging forth a die
Out of the small neck'd h casting-box. This I
Did learne: and for the scourge-sticke I did striue,
That none his Top with greater art might driue.
But now, Thou art not at This age to learne
Betweene good and bad manners to discerne.
No; thou Hast learn'd the precepts that are taught
In the wise porch, where curiously are wrought
By *Polygnotus* skill, the conquer'd *Medes*
In their short sloppes: whose storie ouer spreades

h *They vsed to cast their dice out of boxes, (as now adaies some doe out of small saucers) to preuent the sleight of the hand, which notwithstanding some more cunning gamesters did often practise.*

The Walls: and where in searching hidden truths
The little-sleeping close-shorne Stoicke Youths,
That feed on huskes and a coorse barly cake,
Early and late industriously doe wake.
And vnto thee the i *Samian* letter Y
Whose spreading branches teach Philosophie,
Hath marked out euen as it were with chaulke
The high-reard right-hand path, wherein to walke.
And snort'st thou Yet? What? is thy head growne slack?
Art jaw-falne? Doth their frame begin to crack?
Lyest yawning, to euaporate th'excesse
Of yesterdaies oppressing drunkennesse?
Hast thou propos'd thy selfe a certaine end?
And with thy best endeauour dost thou bend
Thy bow at that? Or, careless of thy hurt,
Dost throw at crowes, with stones and clots of durt
Neglecting where thou runst? Hast thou no drift,
But only for the Present how to shift?
Well, yet be prouident; when our sicke skinne
Doth with the puffing dropsie once beginne
To swell; tis then, thou know'st, but vaine to cry
For *Hellebore*; when a disease drawes nigh,
And yet but threatens thee; Then, then preuent
And meet a danger that is imminent.
But if thou doe delay, till't be too late,
And that thy sicknesse once grow desperate:
Then would'st thou giue *Crater us* halfe thy wealth
Yet can he not restore thee to thy health.

i *The letter of Pythagoras, who by birth was a Samian*

Learne

Learne then, O wretched youths, the myſtery
Of Nature in profound Philoſophy.
Learne who we are: why we were borne: th'eſtate
Wherein wee're ſet; And know that not by fate
But wiſdome, we may turne our ſhip with eaſe
About high-vertues marke plac'd in the ſeas
Of this our life. Temperately deſire
Siluer: learne what 'tis lawfull to require
In prayer: and the perfect vſe, aright,
Of Money: for which, men ſo ſharply fight;
What likewiſe to thy Country thou doſt owe,
And what to thy deare kinſmen; Learne to knowe
Whom[1] *God hath made thee, and in what degree*
And ſtate of life, he here hath placed thee.
Learne: neither envie thou at the full ſtore
Of the greas'd Lawyer, though he haue much more
Prouiſion, then his family can ſpend
Whil'ſt it is ſweet: which the fat *Vmbrians* ſend,
As gifts to bribe his tongue. Nor grutch to ſee
His *Marſian* Client bring him for a fee,
Pepper, gammons of bacon, or ſuch kinde
Remembrances. Nor let it vexe thy minde,
Becauſe he hath freſh Pilchars to him ſent,
Before the former barrell be quite ſpent.
But heere, me thinks, I heare ſome boiſtrous rough
Centurion ſay; Tuſh, I haue wit enough

1 *Mee thinkes theſe lines of mine Author, and eſpecially this word* Deus, *ſeemes to bee of that high ſtraine of Diuinitie (in a Heathen) which* Plato *reached vnto, when hee did profeſſe that hee writ but in ieſt, when hee ſaid,* Gods.

To

To ſerue mine owne turne; And Ile neuer care
To be *Arceſilas*, or to impaire
My health, like *Solon*: who doe leane awry
Their heads, pearcing the earth with a fixt eye:
When by themſelues they gnaw their murmuring
And furious ſilence, as 'twere ballancing
Each word vpon their out-ſtretcht lip: And when
They meditate the dreames of old ſicke men,
As, *Out of nothing, nothing can be brought:*
And that which is, can ne're be brought to nought.
Is it for This they're pale? and that they miſſe
Their dinner oftentimes; is it for This?
Why yet they are but ſcorn'd eu'n by the Rout,
The people: and our Luſty Lads but flout
Them, and with criſped noſes aloofe off,
Strongly ingeminate a trembling ſcoff.
m Yet ſcorne not learning: leſt thy falling ſtate
Proue ſuch, as this which here I will relate.
One ſaid to his Phyſitian, Pray Sir ſee:
Me thinkes I am not as I vſe to bee.
My heart doth quake as if it boaded death,
And my ſick jawes ſend forth a loathſome breath,
Pray good Sir feele my Pulſe: and play your part.
Well, the Phyſitian vs'd his chiefeſt art,
And bid him reſt foure daies. But when each vaine
Began compoſedly to flow againe,
On the Third night: he bid his ſeruant take
A n little thirſting-flaggon, and ſtraight make

m Perſius *his anſwere to the obiection, which hee makes the Centurion heere vſe.* n *A ſmall flaggon.*

All

All ſpeed, to the great houſe of ſuch a friend,
And tell him, he deſir'd him for to ſend
Some of his milde *Surrentine* wine: and ſo
Hauing dranke that, vnto the Baths hee'd go.
When being there, thither did come by chance
His owne Phyſitian: who ſtraight caſt a glance
On this his patient, and to him ſaid,
Why You are pale, and are you not afraid?
Tuſh man, ſaith he, thats nothing. Yet beware,
Said his Phyſitian, and pray haue a care.
What ere this Nothing is, For I doe ſee,
Your yellow ſickly skin ſwells ſecretly.
Well, prethee now, ſaid he, doe not thou raile
At Me: for thou thy ſelfe doſt looke more pale
And worſe: be not a Tutour vnto Mee,
One I haue had, and buri'd: now for Thee,
Thou yet remainſt. On then, and doe not ceaſe,
Said his Phyſitian, and Ile hold my peace.
This gallant then ſwelling with dainty cheere,
Bathes his pale belly, and without all feare:
His throat halfe ſtopt with groſſe corrupted fleame,
Leaſurely breathing a ſulphureous ſteame
But midſt his wines a ſuddaine trembling ſeaz'd
Vpon each ioynt of him, that his diſeas'd
Weake hand could not his luke-warme bowle retaine:
And his vncouer'd teeth eu'n gnaſht againe:
And then through his looſe lips, his fine oild meate
He vomits, which he greedily had eate.

Then

Then were prepared for his funerall
The o Trumpet, and the Lights: And last of all,
This seeming-happy man that would not doubt,
His health, being composedly laid out
On his high bed, his biere; and now daub'd o're
And eu'n bedurted with th'abundant store
Of ointments; stretcheth tow'rd the Citie-gate
His cold dead heeles; and those whose best estate
But yesterday, was but to be his slaue,
p Now weare their caps, and beare him to his graue.
q What? then belike y'apply this fame to Mee?
But (wretched foole!) th'art out. For know, I'me free.
Touch but my veines: feele how my heart doth beate:
There's but a wonted moderated heate.
Or feele the bottoms of my feete: or hold
My hands: thou shalt perceaue they are not cold.
r Tis true. But know, seduced man, there sticke
Diseases in thy Soule, tis That is sicke.
For if thou see by chance much gold: or spie
Thy neighbours smooth-cheek'd wench to cast an eie
Vpon thee, smiling with a wanton glance
Speake true: doth Then thy heart Orderly daunce?
There's set before thee on thy boord, to eate,
In a cold dish hard hearbs, somewhat rough meate;

o *At the Funeralls of Great Men, they vse Trumpets: as Pipes at the Burials of the meaner sort.* p *It was the custome of the* Romanes *before their deathes to manumitte their seruants: which was by shauing their heads, and putting a cap on.* q *The scornefull reply of the Centurion.*
r *The answere of* Persius.

And

And coorſe bread ſifted in the people's ſcarce:
Lets trie your chaps. O are yee now auerſe?
In thy ſoft mouth there's hid a putrid ſoare, (roare:
Which touch'd with *Common* hearbes, would make thee
So thy heart's cold, when pale feare doth affright
Thy haire like eares of corne ſtanding vpright.
Againe, fierce anger makes thy bloud grow hot,
Ev'n as a fire-brand doth a ſeething pot;
And then thy flaring eies ſparkling forth fire,
Thou ſai'ſt and doſt ſo in thy furious ire;
That mad *Oreſtes* dares ſweare, ſuch a fact
None but a man ſtarke mad, ere durſt to act.

THE

THE FOVRTH SATYRE,

ARGVMENT.

Yong Rulers: The complaint of Luſt
On Auarice, vnfit though iuſt.

ART thou a common-wealths chiefe Gouernour?
(Suppoſe the bearded graue a Philoſopher, a *Socr.*
Whom the cold draught of hemlocke forc'd to die,
Thus to demand) on what doſt thou relie?
What are thy grounds? ſpeake *Alcibiades*,
Pupill vnto the famous *Pericles*.

Oh,

Oh, wit and graue diſcretion, I haue heard
Indeed, do many times Preuent a Beard!
And ſo thou knoweſt no doubt, though th'art but yong,
Both when to ſpeake and when to hold thy tongue.
When therefore the vext multitude grow hot
With choller, and their duty haue forgot:
Thou doſt but liſt vp thy maieſticke hand,
And ſtraight a generall ſilence doth command
Ore the tumultuous rout. Then what doſt ſay?
[b] O ye *Quiritians* (if preuaile I may)
I thinke This is not juſt that's done by you:
Nor This: twere better if you Thus did doe:
For thou canſt weigh truth in the double ſcale
Of the moſt doubtfull ballance. If it faile,
Straight waies Thou know'ſt it: yea, though hid it lie
Betweene a double crooked falſitie:
Or if a Rule (ſo perfect is Thy ſight)
Meaſure not eu'ry thing exactly right.
And the blacke [c] Theta ſigne of deadly ſhame
Thou canſt perfixe for an offenders name.
Thou canſt doe this. Oh, twere a crime to Doubt,
Come, come: Thou being faire only without
And in the skinne, in vaine: leaue off to ſhake
Thy taile, before the flattering rout, or make

[b] *Theſe three lines are ſpoken in the perſon of this young Gouernour.*
[c] *The Iudges being about to giue ſentence of death againſt a man, were wont to write his name in a table, and prefixe before it, the letter* θ, *as being the firſt of* Θάνατος, *ſignifying hee was to bee deliuered ouer to Death.*

Suit

Suit for great offices, till age and cares
Haue made thee Fit to manage such affaires,
Thou being fitter yet to drinke good store
Of pure vnmixt braine-purging *Hellebore*.
Wherein consists thy last, thy greatest wish?
d In hauing eu'ry day a full fat dish:
Then with sweet oile to noint my skin, and lie
In the Sunnes pleasant warmth till it be drie.
Why hadst thou with the selfe same question tri'd
This poore old woman; she had so repli'd;
Goe now and boast how thy Nobilitie
Comes from th'Illustrious *Dinomache*.
Puffe out thy vaunts, and say, I'me comely, faire,
To grant thee such vaine praises Ile not care.
When ragged gran'ame *Baucis*, that does crie
Vnto the looser seruants, *Will yee buie*
Any sweet hearbes, has as much wit as thee,
That thus dost boast of thy vaine pedegree.
That no man will descend to his owne heart,
And search the secrets of that hidden part!
No man! But haue their eyes fixt euermore
Vpon His backe and bagge that goes Before!

d *The answere of this vaine fellow: and the replie of Persius.*

For doe but aske a man, by Chance; D'yee know
Vectidius farmes? He'le say, *Vectidius*? Who?
The Chuffe of *Cures*, he whose grounds they say
A kite can scarce flie o're in a whole day?
Him eu'n the Gods oppose and the sure fate
Of an vnluckie *Genius*. Who (the date
Of time, bringing againe the Plow-mens [e] feast,
When from their painfull labors they haue ceas'd,
And now hung vp their weary Oxens yoke
By the worne path (vpon some aged oke)
When he should freely laugh, and make good cheere
For other plow-men (tis but Once a yeere)
Most basely fearing to pull off the clay
From his small wine-vessel; hee'le sigh, and say,
Pray *Ione*, that this my prodigalitie
Bring me not in the end, to beggerie!
A coated oignion then with salt he eates;
(His seruants much applauding such braue meates:
Nay and reioycing for their happie lot
And for the barly-pudding in the pot)
Then sparingly he suppes in stead of beere,
The cloathy dregges of dying Viniger.

[e] *These feasts were called* Compitalia, *and were celebrated in honour of their* Lares.

But

But ſtraight replies the other, If thou noint'ſt
With ſupple oile thy foule lubberly ioints
And ly'ſt in the hot Sunne letting it beate
Vpon thy skinne, with its ſtrong parching heate: (by,
Ther's one whom Thou ſcarce know'ſt, ſtands here hard
Eu'n at thine elbow, that could likewiſe crie
Againſt Thy manners, and thy lewder art,
The depilation of thy modeſt part,
And of thy lungs, to proſtitute thereby
Vnto a barren luſt thy pathicke thigh.
Thy Cheekes bearing a kemb'd, oil'd beard: Elſewhere
f Where doſt thou too-vniuſtly-ſmooth appeare?
Scrape on: but though fiue luſtie wraſtlers would
Roote vp theſe ſpringing plants: yea though they ſhould
With crooked pinſers, by their tugging oft,
Weaken thy parts of ſhame, though firſt made ſoft
With Barbers ſoapie water, ſo to yeeld
The better, to the plowers of this field:
Yet this o're ſpreading fearne will neuer bow
Vnto the deepeſt furrow-making plow.
Thus we wound others and doe yeeld agen
Our thighes vnto the darts of other men.

f *Reader in this line, I intendedly depart from the Letter of mine Author, yet without thy loſſe.*

And thus we know mans life pursu'd to be
By this too-much-assumed Libertie.
g Yet some mens faults, because they hidden lie
From the enquirie of their Enemie,
Are not obiected to them; yet are knowne
To him, to whome they crie, We are thine Owne.
Thou hast a secret wound vnder thy side;
But thy broad gold-boss'd girdle doth it hide:
So though thou make Men say, Th'art well (in Vaine:)
Will thy Side say so too, that feeles the paine?
Thou'lt heere perchance reply, What? when as all
My neighbours Me an exc'lent fellow, call;
And say, I am not as your Common men:
Shall I, ah, Can I not beleeue 'hem then?
h Alas, blinde wretch! if at the sight of gold
With auaricious loue thou waxest cold
And pale: if eu'ry thing thou likewise doe,
Which griefe-procuring Lust prouokes thee to:
If on the table of thy Vsurie,
By most oppressing heauie crueltie,

g *The passage heere, was too obscure: wherefore I was forced to be a little diffuse in the opening of the connection; and so inserted these foure verses.* h *The reply of Persius to his owne obiection.*

As by a ſtrong deepe-wounded ſcourge, thou make
Many a ſure-imprinted grieuous ſtrake:
To the falſe-prayſing People thou maiſt lend
Thy ſpungie, ſucking eares; but to no end.
Seeme not more then thou art: neither beleeue
The ignorant applauſe baſe Cobblers giue.
Liue with thy Selfe, and quickly thou ſhalt ſee
The curtail'd ſtore of thy bare pouertie.

THE

THE FIFT SATYRE.

IN FORME OF A DIALOGVE.

The Speakers { PERSIVS. / CORNVTVS.

ARGVMENT.

Cornutus prayse: Philosophie:
Oppos'd desires: true Liberties.

P. OVr Poets vse to wish they had large lungs:
And a whole hundred voyces, mouths, and toungs:

When they would write a buskin'd Tragedie,
To be yawn'd out with the ſad Maieſtie
Of a Tragedian: or deſcribe the high
Braue-minded *Parthian* pulling from his thigh
A hooke-like bearded dart. *C.* Why ſpeak'ſt Thou thus
And heapeſt vp ſuch veſt robuſtious
And ſwelling lines, that Thou Thy Selfe doſt need
A hundred throats, if thou'dſt attaine indeed
The end which ſuch endeuours tend to? Rather
Let Them, who'le write ſome loftie matter, gather
Clouds off of *Helicon*, to whom the pot
Of *Progne*, or *Thyeſtes* ſhall grow hot;
Of which, the fond Tragedian *Glyco* muſt
Oft make his ſupper. But Thou neither duſt
Puffe from thy mouthes full bellowes much vaine winde
The whi'ſt the matter boiling in thy minde,
Thy forge: nor with an inward murmuring
Hoarſly crow-like caw'ſt out ſome idle-thing,
I know not what: nor doſt Thou ſtriue to ſtuffe
Thy ſwelling cheekes, to breake 'hem with a puffe:
Thy words are words of peace, and accurate
Thy ſtile: thy mouth not ſwolne, but moderate
Smooths out thy numbers; thou canſt touch to th' quicke,
Pale manners: and with an ingenious tricke
Strike a crime Through; And hence indeed from Crimes
Dee Thou draw ſtill the ſubiect of Thy rimes;
And leaue the feaſt made with the feete and head
Of *Plyſthenes* wofully murthered,
At ſad *Mycenæ*: and doe Thou deſcrie
Thy Peoples banquets full of Luxurie.

P. Surely

P. Surely, I striue not that my leafe may rise
With swelling bubbles of vaine fopperies,
Fit to giue weight to smoake. We speake retir'd;
And inwardly I by my muse inspir'd
Heere offer eu'n my secret heart to bee
By thee tri'd fully. For I'de haue thee see
Cornutus, deerest friend, how great a part
Of my deare, yet diuided soule Thou art.
Knocke on my brest: for thou hast skill to know
What soundeth solid, and the couer'd shew
Of a guilt tongue. And oh heere I could craue
A hundred voices: that how much I haue
Fixt thee within my many-seated breft,
In a pure fluent stile might be expres't:
And that which now ineffable doth dwell
Within my heart, in words I heere could tell.
When first I did begin to leaue to feare
Vnder a Master: and left off to weare
My purple-Coate, that still preserued free
From violation my weake infancie:
And when my Golden Bosse I newly had
Hung vp to my [a] succinct House-Gods: when bad,
And flattering companions guarded mee;
When now my White Shield granted Libertie
Vnto mine eyes freely to roue throughout
The lewd *Suburra*: when I was in doubt
Which way to take: and when my trembling minde
Was by pernicious errour almost blinde,

a *To signifie their readinesse and expeditio in defence of the house, which was committed to their tutelary charge.*

Mis-led

Miſled into diuided paths : I then
Offer'd my ſelfe to thy Inſtruction. When
Thou ſtraightway didſt embrace my tender youth
In thy *Socratique* boſome : and the truth
Of Thy rule well-appli'd, skilfull to draw
Feeble inclining minds to reaſons law,
Shew'd me intorted manners : and thy mind
Was preſs'd by reaſon, thoroughly confin'd
To learned precepts, ſtroue to be o'recome ;
And tooke a Faire forme from thy skilfull thombe.
For I remember oft I with delight
Haue ſpent long daies with Thee: and of the Night
Haue borrow'd the firſt houres, feaſting with thee
On the choiſe dainties of Philoſophie.
One worke we wrought : we reſted both one reſt :
Mixing ſeuereneſſe, with a Modeſt ieſt.
For doubt not, both our birth-dayes ioyn'd in one
Sure league, drawne from one conſtellation :
Or the vnchanged *Parca* weigh'd our time
With an eu'n ballance : or that firſt, that prime
Birth-houre of vs true friends did bleſſedly
Place our embracing fates in *Gemini* :
And heauie *Saturnes* ſterne malignitie
Was broke by our good *Ioues* benignitie.
I know not What, but ſure Some Starre I ſee,
Which inwardly diſpoſes me tow'rds Thee.
Yet there's a thouſand ſorts of men : and ſtrange
Varietie doth humane actions change.
Each hath his ſeu'rall will : nor doe All liue
With One deſire. For, One his minde doth giue

To Merchandizing, and with care doth runne
Out to the East vnder the rising Sunne;
To get rough peper, and pale Cummin seed
For *Roman* wares. Another loues to feed.
His panch, and then swell with destilling sleepe;
A third doth *Mars*-field wrastlings duely keepe;
A fourth turnes banke-rupt by the desp'rate die;
A fift growes rotten by damn'd Venerie.
But when the knottie hand-gout has once broke
Their ioynts, as th'boughes of some decayed oke:
Anger and griefe doe then begin a strife
Within them, for their base and durtie life
Now spent: when now, but now too late, they looke
Vpon the life they wretchedly forsooke.
But Thou in learned writings dost by night
Grow pale. Thou makest it thy chiefe delight
To sow yong purged eares with fruitfull truths,
With good *Cleanthes* fruit. Draw Hence yee youthis,
Yee old men, for your selues, some Certaine end:
Some helpes from cares your old age to defend.
b To Morrow wee'le doe this. b Alas! you'le doe
The same, to-morrow. c Why aske we of you
So much, to wit, only One Day? c But when
The third day comes, we haue consumed then
To-Morrow Yesterday: and thus to borrow
Of time, though yet to come, still one To-morrow;
Will secretly driue out our Yeeres at last,
When Eu'ry day a New day will be past,

b *He brings them in answering for themselues: and then he replies againe vnto them.* c *Another answere of theirs, with his owne reply.*

Neuer

Neuer to be recouer'd. For Thou Wheele
Which doſt about the Second Axle reele
Hindermoſt, maiſt in vaine ſtriue to o'retake
The Firſt ſtill turning forward, which doth make
Like haſte, with equall ſwiftneſſe: though thou be
Hard by it plac'd vnder the ſelfe-ſame tree.
Whos'euer then True Libertie would gaine,
Let him embrace Philoſophie: for vaine
Is Other freedome, Such, to wit, whereby
Any new *Publius* may familiarly
In his (the *Velive*) tribe coorſe corne demand
By bringing but his Token in his hand.
O men barraine of truth, that thinke they can
Make, with a Turning, a *Quiritian!*
Heere's *Dama* a baſe horſe-keeper, not worth
Three halfe-pence, a meere fot that can't looke forth
From out the miſt of *Ignorance*, and one
Who'le lie eu'n for the leaſt occaſion,
For horſe-bread; whom if's Maſter turne about,
I'th'moment of the Whirling he goes out
Straight, *Marcus Dama*. The Gods! Darſt denie
To truſt one, *Marcus* being ſuretie?
Or, *Marcus* being iudge, art pale with feare
Of Wrong? (*Marcus* ſaid it: then thou maiſt ſweare
Tis true. Now *Marcus* ſeale the Bond. Oh, heer's
Braue Libertie and true, which our Cap weares
As well as Wee! d Why is there any free,
But he, the which doth liue at Libertie?

d *The anſwere of* Dama *now Manumiſs'd.*

I liue at libertie, and am not I
More free then *Brutus* then? Oh heere ſtands by
A well-taught *Stoick*, whoſe more purged eare
Is waſh'd, as 'twere, with Truths ſharpe vinegar,
That ſayes, I grant the First; but where you ſay,
I liue at libertie, take That away.
f Why? ſince I came from th' *Prætors* rod Mine Owne
Freeman, Ile Now be ſubiect vnto none;
And why may n't I doe with full liberty
Whats'e're g *Maſurius* doth not deny?
h Oh, learne: but this thine anger firſt depoſe,
And let fall from thy too-much-wrinkled noſe,
Thy rugged ſcoffe? whilſt from thy lung I pull
Theſe old wiues tales, of which thy breſt's Yet full.
It was not in the *Prætors* pow'r to giue
Pure Wiſdome vnto Fooles, or make Them liue
By Reaſons rule. No; thou ſhalt ſooner fit
Vnto the harpe, a rough rude ſouldiers wit.
Gainſt which Reaſon doth ſtand, and ſecretly
Whiſpers him in the eare, and ſayes, Fie, Fie:
Neuer attempt what thou canſt ne're reach to,
And only ſpoile, whilſt thou doſt ſtriue to doe.
The law of man and nature both denie
Weake Ignorance the priuiledge to trie
Forbidden things. Doſt Thou mixe *Hellebore*
For a ſicke Patient, who ne'retrid'ſt before
To weigh't exactly to a Dramme? The art
Of Phyſicke bids thee not-dare act This part.

e *The replie of* Perſius f *Another anſwere of* Dama. g *A famous Lawyer, and afterwards a Knight of* Rome. h *Another reply of* Perſius.

If

If a rude high-shoo'd clowne offer to steere
A shippe, not knowing his guide *Lucifer*:
The Sea-God *Melicerta* may exclame,
The brow of modestie has lost all shame?
Has vertues Art taught thee to walke vpright?
And canst thou with a perspicacious sight
Discerne the Shew of Truth from truth? Dost know
Counterfaite gold by th'Sound? and canst thou shew
What things to follow, what things to decline,
The first with chaulke, the last with Coale to signe?
Art of confin'd desires? hast thou a small
And pretty well-trimm'd house? art kinde to all
Thy friends? canst wisely sometimes Shut thy store,
Sometimes Open thy garners to the poore?
And with a pure affection vnhurt
Canst thou passe ouer money i fixt i'th durt?
Nor, as a greedie glutton, loue to licke
Mercuriall spittle, which doth vse to sticke
Vpon the lippes of Niggards? When as all
These things thou maist thine owne most truely call;
Then, Oh be wise, enioy true Libertie,
The *Prætors*, yea, and great *Ioue* blessing thee.
But Thou but th'other day of Our degree,
Retaining still thy Old skinne, being free
Only in a smooth brow, that outward part,
Deepe subtilly lurking in thy foule heart:

i *An allusion to the sport that children vsed: who tying a piece of money to the end of a string, would couer the string with durt, and let the money bee seene, which, when any greedie fellow passing by, would stoope to take vp, they would pucke in the string; and so delude him.*

The

The Liberty I gaue thee, I againe
Recall, and doe tie Shorter now thy chaine.
For Reason vnto thee doth Nothing lend:
Lift but thy [k] Finger vp, thou dost offend;
And what's so small? But thou shalt ne're obtaine
By any franeke-incense that the least Graine
Of wisedome shall e're rest within a foole:
To mix these Two, is against Natures rule.
Nor shalt thou, thou remaining a Clowne still,
Ere daunce three measures with *Bathyllus* skill.
I'me Free. How canst thou say so, thy affection
Being invassal'd to the worst subiection?
Knowst thou no other Master, but he whom
The Manumitting rod did free thee from?
Indeed if Now, one say imperiously
To's slaue; Goe, Sirra, carry presently
This linnen to *Crispinus* Bathes; dost stand
Still, Lazie knaue? This his seuere command
Doth moue thee nothing: because now no whip
May scourge Thy Laziesides, to make Thee skip.
But if within, in thy sicke lungs doe spring
Head-strong desires, art Thou in any thing
Lesse seruile then, than is such a poore knaue,
Whom th' whip and feare of's Master made a slaue?

k Ramirez *(in his Commentary on* Martial: *lib.* 2. *Epig.* 1.*) would perswade vs that this place is meant* de Medio digito: *but his exposition is somewhat ranke, and I will iustly oppose him with that discreet admonition of* Turnebus (*Aduers. lib.* 23. *cap.* 23. Non sunt tam ex alto ducendi sensus, de quibus poeta nihil cogitârit.] *Another reply of Dam. and the answere of* Persius.

Thou

Thou lying long in bed, auarice cries,
Vp, vp; Not yet, saist thou: For shame arise,
Cries shee; I can't thou dost reply: Why so,
Saies shee againe? Rise, Rise; dost thou not know
What thou shouldst doe? Why goe to th' Sea, bring thence
Fish, Beauer-oile, flaxe, Eben, franckincense,
And loosning wines of *Co*; and be the first
To fetch from th' Camel, whilest he yet doth thirst;
Fresh pepper: exchange somewhat, and forsweare
For Gaine. O but (alas!) then *Ioue* will heare.
Why, foole, if thou wilt dwell with *Ioue*, thou shalt
Striuing but to get out one taste of salt,
Boare a hoale through thy oft-lick'd salt-seller.
Well; being got vp, thou dost (not to deferre
To execute her will) prouide thy men
Bagges for to lay their clothes in, and then
Lai'st in wine, with such other things thou know'st
Are fit for Nauigation: then straight go'st
To shippe, where nothing hinders thee to saile
O're the *Ægæan* Sea with a full gaile,
But Luxurie. That doth seduce thy weake
Vnstay'dnesse, and thus with Art doth speake.
Whither, Oh whither madman, dost thou run? (done?
Whither? What lack'st thou? What wouldst thou haue
[m] And now thy hot brest with strong ire doth swell,
Which a whole pot of Hemlock can scarce quell,)
Wilt thou passe ore the Seas? Wilt thou ere eate
Thy Supper, making a Stretch'd Rope thy seate?

m *These two lines, the Poet intricths in his owne person.*

Shall a broad-bottom'd tankard that does ſtinke
Of pitch fume out the wine, that Thou muſt drinke?
Nay, vile ruddie *Veientane* wine? ſtriu'ſt thou
To make thy lab'ring money ſweat forth now
Eleu'n in twelue, the which did Heere obtaine
Ne're aboue Fiue in Twelue, a modeſt gaine?
Come, come: cheriſh thy *Genius*: let's be free
T'enioy a full delight: for without Me
Life is Not: and remember that ere long,
Thou ſhalt be but a Ghoſt, duſt, and the ſong
O'th' People. Thinke how thou by death ſhalt paſſe
Away, like Time. This which I'ue Spoke, it was.
What doſt thou now? Two hookes a double way
Now draw thee; Wilt thou this, or this obey?
Thou muſt be ſlaue to both alternately:
Now ſeruing Auarice, now Luxurie.
Nor maiſt thou, if thou doſt for Once withſtand
Their inſtant and importunate command,
Say ſtraight, I'ue broke their bands; For loe,
A dogge by tugging breakes his knot, iuſt ſo,
Who, though he runne away and bite and ſtraine,
Yet at his necke doth traile much of his chaine.
Chæreſtratus in ſerious meditation
Biting his naile to th'quicke through deepe vexation
Saies to his man; *Davus*, I now intend
All my fore-paſſed griefes and Loue to end;
Beleeue mee. For ſhall I bee ſtill a ſhame,
Vnto my ſober carefull friends good name?
Shall I ſpend all my ſtocke with infamie
At the lewd threſhold of a Stews? Shall I

Drunke before *Chrysis* 'nointed moist doores stand
Singing, my torch extinguish'd in my hand?
O n rare yong *Master*! Be hence-forward wise:
And offer vp a lambe in sacrifice,
To thy protecting Gods. o But dost beleeue
Davus, if I forsake her, that sheele grieue?
p Dost trifle, Idle boy? Then she shall breake
Thy pate with her red pantofle, and wreake
Her spight vpon thee, that thou shalt not dare
To quake, nor bite her fast-entangling snare.
Th'art Now auerse and violent; but when
She shall perchance but call thee: thou'lt say then,
I come straightwaies; for, why? what should I doe?
Sha'n't I goe to my Loue, when Shee doth Woo,
And Sends for me? But if thou canst Now, Now
Redeeme thy selfe All and Entire; Thou, Thou
Art that thrise-happy man, that onely He
Whom Only, We iudge to be truely free.
Not he, o're whom the foolish *Lictor* wagges
His rod; and of him, as His Freeman bragges.
For Oh, can he be truely call'd his owne,
Whom Candidate Chaulkie Ambition
Drawes gaping to Her lure? To whom she cries,
q Vnto thy Clients salutations rise
By time, and giue a lib'rall doale of pease
Vnto the scrambling multitude: that these

n Davus *his reioycing at his Masters promised reformation.* o *The interrogation of* Chæresiratus *to his seruant* Davus. p Davus *his indignation, at his Masters weake inconstancie.* q *The words of Ambition.*

Our

Our large *Floralia* may be made the talke
Of Aged men hereafter as they walke
In the warme Sunne; For what can be More braue?
r And art not Superſtitious to haue
On *Herods* birth-day, many candles plac'd
In order i' th' oild window much defac'd
By the fat clowd the which they vomit out,
Though with ſweet violets th'are deck'd about;
And t'haue a Tunies taile, as 'twere to ſwimme
In a red diſh, thy white bowle full to th'brimme
With wine, yet doſt not faſt till night, and pray
All the *Iewes* circumciſed Sabbath-day?
Then with Hobgoblins, and the feigned feare
Of danger from a crackt egge, and th' auſtere
Graue Prieſts of *Cybill*, and the one-eyed maid
Of *Iſis* with her timbrell, th'art diſmaid.
And think'ſt the Gods will puffe with ſome diſeaſe
Thy ſwelling skinne: if thou ſhalt them diſpleaſe;
Refuſing by their graue rules to be led,
To taſte each morne three times a Garlicke-head,
And ſaieſt thou yet, thou liu'ſt at libertie,
Being ſubiect to th' extremeſt vanitie?
Yet ſpeake this, which the Gods doe know, is true,
'Mongſt ful-veind ſouldiers: what would ſtraight enſue?
Some vaſt *Volpenius* with a full deepe throate
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note:
And ten times ten Philoſophers of *Greece*
Would ſcarcely prize at a clipt Ten-groates peece.

r *Theſe words are ſpoken in the perſon of* Perſius.

THE SIXTH AND LAST SATYRE,

TO HIS FRIEND
Caelia's Dancing-
Master.

THE SIXT AND LAST SATYRE,

TO HIS FRIEND Cæsivs Bassvs *a Lyrique Poet.*

Argvment.

The pining Niggards fruitlesse care,
To feed the lust of his lewd heire.

NOw, *Bassus*, hath the cold made thee retire
Thy selfe, this winter, to the *Sabine* fire?

Doe thy old harpe and ſtrings liue to thee ſtill,
Sounding lowd muſicke with a ſtiffer quill?
Great workman! whoſe bleſt Muſe ſweet lines affords
Full of the Natiue beautie of Old words:
And on the *Roman* harpe with happineſſe
Of skill, a maſculine, ſtrong ſound t'expreſſe:
Now playing yong mens ſports, now playing ſome
Braue Old mens actions, with an honeſt thombe:
The warme *Ligurian* ſhoare growes hot to Mee:
And I'me now wintered at my Natiue Sea;
Where the rocks yeeld a ſhoare to them that ſaile,
And where the hauen into a large vale
Retires it ſelfe. *Tis, airely worth the ſight,*
The port of Luna full of much delight.
Thus ſaid wiſe *Ennius* Aft'r h' had dreamed he was
Homer, the fift form'd by *Pythagoras*
His Peacockes ſoule. Here I retir'd liue free
From caring what the People thinke of mee:
And what th'vnluckie South-wind doth prepare
For Cattle; Nor doe I take griefe or care
If that my neighbours field's more fat then mine.
Let all poore-borne grow rich, Ile neuer pine
With ſtooping age; for That or want good cheere:
Or touch the ſigne of dreggy ſealed beere
In a boar'd flaggon. Yet another may
Diſſent from this. For oft the ſame birth-day
Hath an Aſcendent ſtrongly influent
Producing cu'n in twinnes a different
Yea an oppoſed *Genius*. For the one
Warily with great circumſpection,

And

And on his Birth-day, onely dips his drie
Coorse heatbs in brinish sauce, which he doth buy
In a small cup, His Owne selfe sprinkeling
His dish with Pepper as a Holy thing.
The other a braue boy couragiously
Spends his large portion in luxurie
On his consuming tooth. But as for Mine,
Ile Vse it: yet ne're let my Freedmen dine
With Turbets: nor be curious-mouth'd to know
But by the taste, if't be a Thrush or no.
Proportion thy expences by thy gaine:
And grind out freely (for thou maist) thy graine
Laid vp within thy barnes. What shouldst thou feare?
But harrow, and behold straight will appeare
Another harueft. [a] Why, I Would thus spend,
But Dutie hinders me. For my poore friend,
His ship being split, held by the *Brutian*
Sharpe rockes; and buri'd in th' *Ionian*
Rough waues all his estate, and his deafe cries
Neglected by the Gods: and himselfe lies
Vpon the shoare with his great Gods, which he
Caught from his broken ship, whose ribs now be
Expo'd vnto the Cormorant. [b] Nay, Now
Giue him some of thy Land: and doe not thou
Thinke thou canst be Too free; Let him not lacke,
Wandring with a Greene [*] Table at his backe.
But if thou impaire thy wealth, thy angred heire
Of thy last funerall-feast will take small care:

a *The couetous man pretended reason in defence of himselfe.* b *Persius his reply.* * *The table of his shipwracke.*

And with neglect into thy true will throw
Thy bones without perfumes, careleſſe to know
Whether he buy dull-ſmelling Cinnanum,
Or Caſia corrupt with Cherry-gumme.
Hee'le ſay, What doſt thou idly ſpend thy wealth,
My portion, being in thy perfect Health?
But more; I'me ſure there's thriftie *Reſtius*
Doth preſſe your learneſt *Grecian* Doctors, thus:
Thus 'tis, ſince your Fond-Liberalitie,
Rather c emaſculate ſoft Luxurie,
With pepper, dates, and other ware hath come
From your lewd *Greece* vnto our Citie *Rome*,
Our very Mowers doe with too much oile
Their ancient wholeſome meate Sawcily ſpoile.
d But fear'ſt theſe things beyond thy graue? Draw neere,
Thou whoſoe'r ſhalt be My heire, and heare:
And that into our talke none may intrude,
Let vs retire from the thicke multitude.
My friend, know'ſt not the newes? *Caſar* hath ſent
A Laurell for a ſigne and ornament
Of his great conqueſt ouer *Germanie*:
And the cold aſhes which before did lie
Vpon the Altars, are now ſwept away:
And with great care and ioy e *Ceſonia*

c *Thus with the moſt accurate Interpreters, I render* Maris Expers, *taking* Maris *for the genitiue caſe of* Mas; *not of* Mare. *For then there were a manifeſt contradiction in the ſenſe, becauſe preſently after, he ſayes, it came from* Greece, *and ſo by conſequent ouer the* Sea. d Perſius *heere anſwers to the obiection, which hee himſelfe brought for the couetous man.*
e *The Emperour* Caligula's *wife makes all things ready for the triumph,*

Fixeth

Fixeth the conquer'd Kings armour of proofe
And all their weapons to the temples roofe:
Clads all the captiues in a durt-browne freize:
Placeth the *Rheni* of a huge vaſt ſize:
And orders all their coaches: Wherefore I
Will bring for this ſo happy victory
[f] To th' Gods and our great Captaines *Genius*
An hundred paire of fencers. I being thus
Freely diſpos'd, who doth forbid? Dar'ſt Thou?
Woe; if thou yeeld'ſt not. Say, that I'me pleas'd now
Vpon the people to beſtow a doale
Of oyle and fleſh-pies: doſt thou dare controule?
Speake out, and plainely. Why, your land, thou'lt ſay,
Is not ſo fat, ſo boneleſſe, but I may,
For any cauſe I ſee, not greatly care,
Whether or no, you doe make Me your Heire.
Well then, I corne Thee my Loue; yet thus much know:
Enow will be my heire, and thanke me too:
For were none of my fathers ſiſters left:
No couſin-germane: or were I bereft
Of all my vnkle's neece's daughters: ſay,
My mothers ſiſter had di'd barraine: nay,
That none ſprung from my grandame did ſuruiue:
Briefely, that not one kinſman were aliue:
I'le goe but to g *Bouillæ*, or the g hill
Of *Virbius*, where ſtandeth ready ſtill,

[f] *The* Romans *counted their Feuers ſhewes and Plaies a part of their Religion; as* Turnebus *well obſerues, in his* Aduerſ. lib. 29. cap. 7. p. 1093. [g] *Theſe were places not farre from* Rome, *where beggers vſed to aske almes of paſſengers.*

Poore

Poore *Mannius*: He ſhall be my heire. h What Hee?
A ſonne o' th' Earth? Obſcure? h Why aske of Me,
Who was my fourth Forefather, I can't Well
And Readily declare, though I Can tell.
But if you'de know His father, and againe
That fathers father: ſure you muſt remaine
Satisfied thus; That He did draw His birth
Immediatly from his mother earth;
And ſo at laſt, you'le finde *Mannius* to be
By right of kinne. great vnkle vnto Me.
Yet why at all ſhould'ſt Thou indeed deſire
To be my Heire, when thou might'ſt be my Sire
For Age? and why ſhould'ſt thou demand of Mee
My torch, when I in i courſe runne After Thee?
Yet if thou be my heire, me thinkes, thou ought'ſt
To be content, with what thou neuer bought'ſt.
I'me *Mercurie*, and come, to Thee, a God,
As he is k Painted. With a churliſh nod
Scorn'ſt my free offer? Wilt not thou be glad
For what is left? l Why, heeres not all you had
Left to You by Your father. l True indeed,
Much I did ſpend on mine owne proper need.
But, briefly, this is all is left: which All
I'le Giue to thee; And doe not thou now brawle

h *The interrogation of his couetous heire, and the reply of* Perſius.
i *An alluſion to the race celebrated in honour of* Prometheus, *where the firſt, running with a torch in his hand, when hee was wearie, gaue it to the next after him.* k *With a purſe of money in his hand.* l *The murmuring obiection of his couetous Heire, and the reply of* Perſius.

Vnkindly with me: neither aske me where
Is that which *Tadius* left me: and ne're
Giue me hard words, as fathers drawing nigh
Their end, doe giue their sonnes before they die;
Saying, See thou put out the Principall:
And spend but of the Vse: let That be all.
m But yet, What's Left? m What's left? Now lib'rally
Pow're, boy, pow're oile vpon my hearbes. Shall I
Vpon a high festiuall day, be fed
With a sod nettle, and a leane swines head
Hung vp i'th' smoake by th' eare; vnto the end
This lewd knaue may My goods hereafter spend?
And fill'd with dainty jiblets, without shame
Lewdly embrace a soft *Patrician* Dame;
When as his wayward, full-swolne, chiding veine;
With an vncertaine lust doth sob againe?
Shall I be like the warpe of bare cloth, that
To him a strutting panch may quagge with fat?
n Oh, sell thy Soule for Gaine, to leaue thy heire
Wealthy: and so thou getteſt by thy ware,
Ne're care how honestly. Sift eu'ry coast
Of the whole world, that thou mayst truely boast,
No man feeds fatter *Cappadocian* knaues
In a rough cage, then are Thy lustie slaues.

m *One murmuring interrogation more, of his greedie heire; and the reply of* Persius *full of indignation.* n *A Satyricall Irony in the person of some Third Speaker.*

Double thy wealth. o Tis done: nay't has increas'd
Three, foure, ten-fold as much. Yet scarce is ceas'd.
And now, where likewise I may rest, designe,
Chrysippus, thou that didst Thy ꝑ heape confine.

o *The answere of* Perſius. ꝑ Sorites, *of which kinde of Argumentation* Chryſippus *was the Authour.*

The end of PERSIVS.

AN

AN APOSTROPHE OF THE TRANSLATOR TO HIS AUTHOR PERSIVS.

THou art Redeem'd; Nor has the Fate of Time
And Vice seiz'd on thy glory. The Worst crime
Which does o'recloud the Guilty, addes to Thee
A Lustre, which outshines obscurity.
Who thought not, that the Great-borne Spirit of Rome
Had lien o'rewhelm'd in her Last Brutus *tombe?*
Yet did it Not: but did at last bring forth
Thee the Example of her Ancient worth.
In whom, had Vetta's fire by which Rome *Stood*
Beene out, there might have yet beene found as good.
Mount then, thou purer fire, and let thy heate
Strongly exhale from their infections seate
Th'enuenom'd fogges of vice; And then inflame
Them, that they may be lights to their Owne shame;
Which, as a Comet, may affright the earth
With horror, at its owne prodigious birth;

And

And, with its darting taile threatening dread
Vengeance, point-out to wrath each guilty head,
Bee thou the Vestall *fire, thy Priest Ile bee,*
And consecrate my vigilance to Thee.
Bee thou th' enlifening Sunne, Ile bee the Earth,
And offer vp to Thee this grateſull birth
Of thankes: which thus now giu'n, though straight it Die,
It hus liu'd Ages in its Infancie.
Action, not Time, does number age. Who giues
A iuſt praiſe to great Vertues Patrone, liues
Himſelfe by his iuſt Gratitude. Let Spight
Then doe its worſt, and with eternall night
Labour to clowd my name. Obſcure to lie
With Vertue, is an immortalitie.

THis laſh has but *Sixe* knots: but ſee thou mend;
Or *peraduenture* Elſe I ſhall intend
(Although my Angry *Muſe* ſaies Shee will bee
No more thus Wit-bound, thus Tongue-tied, not Shee)
To come in Fury; and thee Naked ſtrippe;
And Scourge thee with a *Sixteene* knotted whip.

FINIS.